Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue:
Ri. And I as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.
King. Maddam, your ſelfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dorſ. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Haſt. And ſo I ſwere my Lord.
King. Now princely *Buckingham* ſeale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in this vnity.
Buck. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt neede to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
King. A pleaſing cordiall Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Glocester.

Buck. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King and Queene,
And princely Peares, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed as we haue ſpent the day,
Brother we haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſcenſed Peares.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne Liege,
Amongſt this Princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue thought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his freindly peace,
Tis death to me to be at emnity,
I hate it and deſire all good mens loue.
First Maddam I intreat peace of you,
Which I purchace with my dutious ſeruice.
Of you my noble couſen *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs,
Of you my Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray* of you,
That all without deſart haue fround on me.
Dukes, Earles, Lord's, Gentlemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that Engliſhman aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all ſtrife were well compounded,
My ſoueraigne leige I do beſeech your Maieſty
To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.
Glo. Why Maddam, haue I offered loue for this,
To be thus ſcornd in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble *Duke* is dead?
You doe him iniury to ſcorne his coarſe. (he is?
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord *Dorſet* as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lord and none in this preſence
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reuerſt.
Glo. But He poore ſoule by our firſt order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried:
God graunt that ſome leſſe noble and leſſe loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deſerue not worſe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet goe currant from ſuſpition. *Enter Darby.*

Da,